

840.d 35

SONGS, DUETS,
TRIOS, FINALES, &c.

DRAMATIC PERSONS
IN

MAHMOUD,

MUSICAL ROMANCE,

IN THREE ACTS;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane.

THE MUSICK

BY THE LATE MR. STORACE.

WITH A FEW SELECTIONS FROM

SARTI, HAYDN, &c.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

1796.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>The Sultan Schariar</i>	Mr. Aikin.
<i>Mahmoud, (eldest Son to the Sultan)</i>	Mr. Kemble.
<i>Noureddin, (Younger Ditto)</i>	Mr. Braham.
<i>Helim, (the Vizir)</i>	Mr. Packer.
<i>Barakka, (Deputy Vizir)</i>	Mr. Suett.
<i>Abdoul Cassan, { a favourite of the Deputy Vizir. }</i>	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
<i>Mossaffer, (Chief of an Arab Troop)</i>	Mr. Kelly.
<i>Malek { other Chiefs. }</i>	Mr. Sedgwick.
<i>Hassan { }</i>	Mr. Dignum.
<i>Aladdin</i>	Miss Menage.
<i>Leader of the Populace</i>	Mr. Caulfield.
<i>Muley, (a Black)</i>	Mr. Banks.
<i>Petitioners.</i>	
<i>Soldiers, Sportsmen, Guards, Pages, Attendants.</i>	
<i>Balsora, (Daughter of the Vizir)</i> ..	Miss Leak.
<i>Zobeide, (Daughter of the Dep. Vizir)</i>	Miss Miller.
<i>Zelica, (a Girl of Damascus)</i>	Signora Storace.
<i>Desra, (an Arab)</i>	Mrs. Bland.
<i>Two Arab Girls.</i>	

CHORUS OF ARAB MEN AND WOMEN.



M A H M O U D.

ACT I.

OVERTURE.

SCENE: *A Cavern, and Subterraneous Ruins.*

MOSSAFER, MALEK, HASSAN, and other ARABS.

ARABS.

ERE we lay our arms by, let them sparkle so
bright ;
On our foes when we fly, they shall gleam thro'
the night ;
So we're ready for the fight :
Then, when victory's won,
To the plunder we run,
And seize the new wealth with delight.

Mal. Seven I've thrown—

Has. The fours are mine.

Mal. Chance accurs'd ! the sword is thine—

Mos. Equal thus the spoil ye share,
To his tent the fabre bear !

FEMALE ARABS.

May the lover, danger' spurning,
Meet the soft reward of toil!
Happy we, our chiefs returning,
To divide the glitt'ring spoil!

Malek, Hassan, Mossafer, and Chorus.

We, who wand'ring Arabs are,
Fly from sorrow, laugh at care.
Let the notes of love resound,
And the ruby cup go round,
While the gale its fragrance brings,
And the summer flowret springs!

We who wand'ring Arabs are,
Fly from sorrow, laugh at care.

Who can tell to-morrow's doom?
If the rose of life shall bloom,
Or, beneath the blighting shade,
Droop untimely, pine and fade!

We, who wand'ring Arabs are,
Fly from sorrow, laugh at care.

AIR. MOSSAFER.

When sleep has clos'd the trav'ler's eyes,
 By long fatigue oppress'd,
 While slumb'ring soft, serene he lies,
 And sinks in downy rest,
 By the glimpses of the moon,
 Springs the Arab on his prey;
 Or beneath the scorching noon,
 Bears the loaded wealth away.

But tho' in hours of sweet repose
 His spoil the rover seek,
 Yet oft concern for human woes
 Impearls his glowing cheek:
 When the captive fair one pleads,
 Beauty, born to be ador'd,
 While resistance round him bleeds,
 Beauty triumphs o'er his sword.

AIR. DESRA.

I.

Where jealous misers starve in wealth,
 And'bar th' unfriendly door,
 With secret step and nightly stealth,
 We free their useless store.
 Then nimbly cross the mountain's brow,
 Some fortune new to try,
 While sleep enfolds the vale below,
 And none our steps espy.

II.

The rich may steal with bolder face,
 And where they rob, may stay;
 With modest fear our thefts we grace,
 And shun the face of day.
 When morn peeps in her twilight grey,
 And lights up half the sky,
 O'er dew-drops swift we hie away,
 And none our steps espy.

SCENE. *Pavilion in the Sultan's Palace.*

CAVATINA. NOURREDDIN.

Tho' pleasure swell the jovial cry,
 Amid the chace resounding,
 While light with airy step we fly,
 O'er hill, o'er valley bounding;
 Pleas'd I forego delights so sweet,
 A parent's dearer smiles to meet.

SCENE. *Subterraneous Cavern.*

AIR. ZELICA.

Toll, toll the knell,
Ding, ding, dong, bell,
Joy is flown away
From thee, poor Zelica!
Poor Zelica!

Light of cheerful day
Never shall I see,
Never more be free!

Toll, toll the knell,
Poor Zelica!

Thus, her freedom gone,
See the linnet moan,

Oft, with plaintive cry,
For pity calling,

Striving oft to fly,

Thus, with fruitless rage,
Beat around her cage,

Flutt'ring, falling.

Toll, toll the knell, &c.

DUET. ZELICA AND MOSSAFER.

Zel. Safe in the word you deign to give,
 Let me no more despair!
 Hope shall in your kind accents live,
 Your pity grant my pray'r.
 Will you not hear me?
 Will you not spare me?
 Gently relenting,
 Kindly consenting,
 Sooth my distress!

Mofs. No---

Zel. Ah! that eye, Sir!

Mofs. Well---

Zel. Ah! that sigh, Sir!

Mofs. Away!

Zel. Pause no longer!

Mofs. No---

Zel. Answer yes!

O'er your brow a smile ascending,
 Tells me hope shall not be vain:

Mofs. On yourself the choice depending,
 Live a slave, or freedom gain!

SCENE. *Hall of Audience.*

CHORUS, AND ABDOUL. CASSAN.

Chorus. The days of Persia to controul,
Long may the star of Abdoul shine !
Long bloom the beauteous Nouzatoul,
As round some elm the purple vine !
E're they rejoin their native sky,
Four thousand summers circling fly !

Abd. Four thousand summers !

Chorus. Circling fly !

SCENE. *Apartment of a Palace.*

AIR. NOUREDDIN.

Let Glory's clarion loud proclaim
A Monarch's boundless sway ;
Let triumph feed Ambition's flame,
And conquer'd realms obey ;

From the noisy tumult, I,
From the hateful splendour fly ;
Crowns and Sceptres I resign,
Love and soft Content be mine !

SCENE. , *Apartment in BARAKKA's Palace.*

AIR. ZELICA.

Zel. Health to your Greatness !
Blessing and treasure !
Never displeasure
Light on your brow,

Mofs. & Mal. Light on your brow.

Zel. While we behold you,
Truth shall enfold you,
All, that is told you,
All shall be so,

Mofs. & Mal. All shall be so.

Zel. Days never ceasing,
Joys ever pleasing,
Wealth still encreasing,
Fate shall bestow,

Mofs. & Mal. Fate shall bestow.

Zel. That smile endearing,
That look so cheering,
That eye so leering,
Kind planets show,

Mofs. & Mal. Kind planets show.

Zel. Wealth cannot grieve you,
Stars can't deceive you,
Thus, Sir, we leave you
All, that we know,

Mofs. & Mal. All, that we know.

FINALE.

FINALE. MOSSAFER, MALEK; ZELICA,
DESRA, BARAKKA.

Mal. Such fortunes we'll present you,
As only kings have known,
We'll shew you, to content you,
Great mines of gold your own;

Mofs. And more can still be shown---
The world's remotest treasure
You shall command at pleasure;
Your wealth no bounds shall measure
By air, by land, or sea.

Desra. Now lend an ear to me,---
In tiffues brightly shining,
On damask soft reclining,
On dainties always dining,
A sultan you shall be.

Zelica. And now attend to me,---
Some fav'rite fair Sultana,
Zelmira, or Roxalana,
Shall take your arm in walking,
Now saunt'ring, ogling, talking,
While, like a tall Banana,
Thus moves the great Basha.

Mofs. } And crouds your steps furrounding,

Mal. } Shrill horns your triumph founding,

Zel. } Proclaim the great Basha,

Des. } Lara---Lara---Lara---Lara.

Mofs. Still more than this you'll find,---

Bara. All this is wond'rous kind,
But why should horns be carried
Before me, when I'm married?
'Tho' you have many a star read,
You're here a little blind.

Mofs. }
Mal. } What pleasure in deluding,
Zel. } Where Av'rice points the way!
Des. }

Bara. Some doubt I own I've stood in,
 Give proof of what you say.

Mofs. Such fortunes we'll present you, &c.

Bar. I scarcely comprehend you,
 But mean not to offend you :
 Each promise here concluding,
 The treasure now display—
 Give proof of what you say.

A C T II.

SCENE. *A Forest with a Tower.*

AIR. ZOBBEIDE.

Oh, hapless youth ! to grandeur born !
To share its dangers, feel its woes ;
Denied, in deserts thus forlorn,
The fleeting charm, that Grandeur knows !

How blest to be a shepherd born,
To taste the sweets Content bestows ;
Nor anxious fear a lurking thorn,
Where Nature spreads the fragrant rose !

SCENE III. *A Mausoleum.*

AIR. BALSORA.

From tears unavailing
What aid can I prove,
New fears still affailing,
While far from my love !
Unchanging my heart shall for ever remain,
And cherish fond love, tho' it ache with the pain,

AIR. NOUREDDIN.

From shades of night does morning break,
Or is't my love, I see?
In bow'rs of promis'd blifs I wake,
To life and thee.

Far hence in joyless realm shall pine
The heart, that love disdains,
Here blooming wreaths shall Houris twine,
And heav'n reward my pains
With joys for ever mine,
With love and thee.

To thee, my fair, while life shall last,
My soul shall constant be,
And, when the fleeting scene is past,
Still dwell with thee.

Far hence in joyless, &c.

SCENE. *Apartment of a Palace.*

AIR. ZELICA.

Don't you remember a poor carpet-weaver,
Whose daughter lov'd a youth so true?
He promis'd, one day, he never would leave her—
Ah! down in the vale where violets grew.
He flatter'd and vow'd, while she sat beside him,
Soft tales telling of loves long ago,
He vow'd to her—but can you tell, if she her love
denied him,
Down in the vale, where violets grow.

Never, he told her, he would be a rover,
She fondly thought he told her true—
But how shall the maid his truth discover?
Ah! will he plight his vows anew?
If never, never her voice deceiv'd him,
Now, while telling of loves long ago,
Can he forget the girl, who believ'd him,
Down in the vale, where violets grow.

AIR. MALEK.

Revenge, revenge, her fires displays,
 And round her throwing
 Flames brightly glowing,
 Her object by their light surveys.
 So, when amid the gloom of night,
 (Heavy clouds low'ring,
 Darkness o'erpow'ring),
 Thick smoke, never ending,
 Still rolling, ascending,
 Conceals the skies from mortal sight;
 Forth from volcano vivid flames beaming,
 Burst in a torrent glaring and gleaming;
 Flashes of lightning
 Each moment bright'ning,
 Wild ruin shines with wond'rous light.
 Coldly repining,
 Freedom resigning,
 Toil without honor how long must I share!
 Famous in story,
 Let me of glory
 The diadem wear.

FINALE.

Caverns, and distant view of the Mausoleum.

MOSSAFER, MALEK, BARAKKA, ZELICA,
DESRA, HASSAN, NOUREDDIN, BALSORA.

Moss. Follow—Follow,

Mal. Boldly enter.

Who for gold wou'd fear to venture ?
Ours the care to guide aright.

Bar. Leave me not in such affright.

Mal. Fear no danger, we'll be near,
We'll invoke the shades to hear ;
And as they their will declare,
You their orders shall obey :

Bar. Nay—but gently—let me see—

Moss, &c. Willing yield to their decree,
Hear, and bend to them the knee,
Trust the shades, whate'er they say.

Bar. On my knees before them bending,
Thus I promise to obey ;

Mal. On their bounty thus depending,
Trust the shades whate'er they say.

Moss. Mal. Dæmons, who prosperous fortune bestow,
Come ever bounteous ! come from below !

<i>Zel. Des.</i>	} All to obey thee rise from below, All to delight thee fortune bestow.
<i>& Hassan.</i>	
<i>Zel.</i>	

Fearless stranger, here to enter,
On such danger bold to venture !
Why from ocean's deepest centre,
Are we call'd our pow'r to show ?

Bar. Gentle spirits, tho' I'm frightened,
With your kindness I'm delighted ;
On your servant you're invited
Fortune's treasure to bestow.

Zel. Prove your claim—

Des. Your right display.

Bar. So Rupee and Toman say.

Zel. Des. { Fortune by our hands dispenses,
& Haf. { Every store that charms the senses,
 Thus in full her pow'r surrenders,
 Thus her gifts to him she tenders,
 Who her dues will rightly pay.

Bar. Pray what sum does fortune call hers ?

Zel. Des. } A thousand dollars,
& Haf. }

Bar. A thousand dollars !

Such a sum—such mighty fees—

Let me ponder, if you please :

Zel. Hours in doubting wherefore waste ye ?

Bar. Gentle masters, not so hasty ;

Des. Fool to linger !

Haf. No reply ?

Zel. From our caves for ever fly.

Bar. Gentle spirits be content,

Of my folly I repent,

Thus the dues I freely pay.

All. What forms to sight amazing,

Within these caves ascending,

Some new event portending,

In garb unknown appear !

In anxious doubt while gazing,

'Mid shades of night surrounding,

What accents strange resounding,

Alarm my wond'ring ear !

Mal. This will prove as I suspected,

All your schemes will now be known ;

Thus the secret is detected,

And the mighty treasure flown.

Des. & Zel. } Wherefore, to these caves descending,

Zel. } Come ye now in strange array ?

Bals. E'en in thought, no harm intending,

Here secure we hoped to stay.

Des. & Zel. The truth confess.

Bals. I cannot say ;

Zel. Nothing less.

Bals. I should betray—

- Def.* Nought dissemble,
Zel. View and tremble !
Def. Truth declar'd,
Zel. Your lives are spar'd.
 We believe they're harmless strangers,
 Let their ransom set them free,
 Wherefore should you fancy, &c.
Arabs. Away with this weak relenting !
 In ruin 'tis late repenting,
 Hence to chains the slaves convey.
Def. Zel. & Nou. } Whatsoe'er { your } fate impending,
 { our }
 { You } must calmly now submit ;
 { We }
 Here to-morrow's dawn attending,
 { You } remain, if { We } think fit.
 { We'll } { You }
Bar. Now I see, Sirs, how its ended,
 Pray for me, Sirs, what's intended ?
Hafs. Mal. In yon cavern, thou abiding,
 Clos'd remain, while fortune guiding,
 Far away we take our flight
Bar. In yon cavern ! clos'd abiding !
 I shall perish with the fright.
Zel. & Def. But if there are helpless strangers,
 Let their ransom, &c.
Arabs. Away with this weak relenting, &c.
All. From the doom by fate intended,
 Let not mortal hope to flee,
Nou. & Bal. All our joys are gone and ended,
 Hopeless ever to be free.
Arabs. All our cares are gone and ended,
 Ranging ever gay and free.
All. Fondest hopes of future pleasure,
 Oft may sooth the panting heart ;
 Yet unnumber'd fears arising,
 New alarms each hour surprising,
 Ev'ry hope a doubt chastising,

Never, till secure the treasure,
Can they joy sincere impart.
So, on rolling billows cast,
Oft we long to view the shore ;
But till ev'ry wave be past,
Dare not think the peril o'er :
From the stormy swelling main,
Fearful forms of danger rise,
Angry phantoms, shadows vain,
Float before our wond'ring eyes.

ACT III.

SCENE. *A Cavern and Subterraneous Ruins.*

AIR. DESRA.

I.

The tresses of morning so fair,
Poor shepherds with rapture behold ;
But brighter the tresses we wear,
That sparkle with diamonds and gold.
Tears still are the gems of the morn,
Which blossoms unfolding display,
But gold with more charms can adorn,
And with *smiles* ever graces the day.

II.

They sing of the bright beaming sun,
Whose radiance gilds o'er the dawn;
His course with the evening is run,
His splendors in night are withdrawn.
To one half of earth if he shine,
The other in darkness is found,
While splendors, deriv'd from the mine,
At once light the world all around.

AIR. MOSSAFER.

Oh, Prophet! lead me willing,
Honor's bright task fulfilling!
To Virtue's cause inclining,
Inspire, inspire my aim!
To thee this ardor owing,
I feel my bosom glowing;
Inspire my aim!
And Honor's meed assigning,
Lead me, Prophet, lead to fame!

SCENE. *A Forest.*

CHORUS.

To arms! To arms! Lead on!
Toil of mortal strife presaging,
Let the shouts of armies sound!
Fortune's Son!
Lead on! Lead on!
Let the tide of battle, raging,
Roar aloud, and roll around!

SCENE. *Cavern of the Mountain.*

DUET. NOUREDDIN *and* ZELICA.

Zel. This fond sorrow let hope consoling,
These alarms suspense controuling,
Grant thee tranquil hours to know!
Nour. This fond sorrow, each hour increas'ing,
These alarms, that rise unceasing,
To relentless fate I owe.
Both. Hear me Love! } defend from ruin!
 } my bosom viewing,
Guard, ah guard a constant heart!
Of freedom the blessing
When fondly possessing,
No sorrow distressing
Can fortune impart.
Time, who rul'st with tyrant sway,
From the happy ever flying,
To the wretched bliss denying,
Spread thy wings and haste away!

Palace of the Sultan.

TRIO. MALEK, NOUREDDIN, ZELICA.

Nour. At your feet thus lowly bending,
For a captive we implore—

Zel. Grant your smile, our suit befriending,
To the mourner hope restore !

Zel. { Let affection's } voice persuading,
Nour. { Let a brother's }
and { And celestial pity aiding,
Mal. { Charm thine ear while we implore !

FINALE.

MOSSAFER, NOUREDDIN, ZELICA, &c. &c.

Chorus. Oh! thus may peace attending,
From future ill defending,
And ev'ry toil befriending,
Her comfort mild impart!

Zel. Oh! thus may love uniting,
To peace and bliss inviting,
And ev'ry toil requiting,

Rule sov'reign o'er the heart!

Moss. Sweet birds, with tuneful measure,
That wake the morn to pleasure,
For you shall pour the song:

Chorus. Oh! thus may peace attending,
Lead mirth and glee along!

Nou. With hope our bosoms glowing,
Your smiles content bestowing,
Thus empires joys we share;

Mal. Thus honor's meed according,
Thus gen'rous souls rewarding,
In freedom's cause who dare.

All. Hence soft content we treasure,
While songs with tuneful measure,
That wake the morn to pleasure,
Lead mirth and glee along.



FINIS.

